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Dr. Dorrance

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What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Puck

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L.J. Taylor

A BAD LOOK-OUT FOR THE BABY.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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Owing to the pressure upon our advertising columns, PUCK this week contains
Twenty Pages.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

WHAT is now generally known as the Blaine-Edmunds incident has been a great boon to the Republican party. It came as a painful surprise. Good Republicans were shocked to learn that at the funeral of ex-President Arthur, actually in the house of death, the idol of the Republican party seized the occasion to publicly affront the leader of the Republican senators. They would hardly believe that at such a time, in such a place, the man whom they had once nominated for the Presidency would thus indulge his personal spite and insult a brother "statesman." But the testimony was not to be discredited. The "incident" occurred. Mr. Blaine refused to accept Mr. Edmunds's hand, and then, frightened at his own act, asked Col. McMichael's approval, and received a prompt rebuke. There was no getting out of it. The thing had been done.

Yet the cloud had a silver lining. Of course, everybody in the party was sorry that it had happened. But since it had happened, there was an opportunity for the expression of the general opinion that the idol had been somewhat spoiled. The idol was promptly notified that this sort of thing was going a little too far. He was reminded that the party had done a great deal for him; that it had gone out of office in the attempt to support his candidacy at the last presidential election; that it had put itself in a false position in matters of morality by blinking his various indiscretions — to put it mildly — and that he had not been a very profitable idol to the idolators. And it was impressed upon his mind that if he cared to keep his place in the party temple, he would have to be a good deal more circumspect in his behavior.

Even the most devoted of the blainiac organs could not stomach the incident. They all "regretted it should have occurred." And a good many newspapers and a great many people who had been whipped into the blainiac lines

two years ago were more than ready to say their little say, and to point out that, while Mr. Edmunds certainly had not gone heart and soul into the Blaine campaign, it was at least injudicious to insult him, with the possibility of another Blaine campaign only two years ahead — Mr. Edmunds being a gentleman of warm temper, tenacious memory and a strong disposition to act as the agent of heaven in the administration of vindictive punishment. Besides, they frankly said, it would not be well to go too deeply into the question of Mr. Edmunds's lukewarmness. Considering Mr. Blaine's indiscretions, that, we believe, was the word — it might be undesirable to press him too hard to state the reasons for his conduct. Mr. Blaine might not care to hear those reasons.

And so the "incident" has given the Republican party a chance to loosen its neck a little from the heavy yoke of the Blaine Idea. The chance has been gladly welcomed. Republicans have felt for a long time that they had made and were making serious sacrifices for a man whom they could not really respect, and whose leadership put them all under the imputation of approving official immorality. There are thousands of Republicans who voted for Mr. Blaine because they thought they could not vote against the Republican party, and who would be sincerely glad if he were no longer a factor in the political question. And these men have found their account in the discussion of the "Blaine-Edmunds incident."

matter, beyond considerations of policy. If the greatest good of the greatest number is attained by having a prohibitory tariff, by all means let us have a prohibitory tariff. If the country needs a moderate tariff, a moderate tariff let it be. And if we shall prosper better with free trade, why not have free trade? It is simply a question of fact, to be determined by careful, unprejudiced study of the situation. It will never be determined while it is made a political issue and a bone of contention between two wings of a party divided, for the most part, on questions relating to the acquisition and division of the spoils of office.

A healthy young man, with a healthy liking for athletic sports, is a beautiful work of nature, and there is no reason why he should not be also a gentleman and a scholar. But we do not think that the social tone of our colleges is benefitted by the influence of young men such as those who pummelled each other in the Princeton mud last Thanksgiving Day, and subsequently squabbled over the referee's decision a good deal after the fashion of "sports" at a prize-fight. Every year brings the college oarsman, base-ball-player and foot-ball kicker nearer to the professional standard in skill, and we regret to say, in manners also. The college faculties occasionally protest, but feebly, very feebly; and day by day the sport gets more and more like professional sporting.

YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY
referred to page 251 for
a few remarks about

THE X-MAS PUCK.

The day of genuine tariff-reform has not come yet. The trouble with the whole tariff business is that it is treated as a question of politics, when it is really a question of economies. There is no principle involved in the

NEITHER A BORROWER NOR A LENDER BE.



DAMON.—I say, Pythias, can you let me have a five-dollar note until day after to-morrow, at half-past twelve?

PYTHIAS (displaying a bunch of keys and a nickel).—That's all I've got, Damon. But you are welcome to that.

And so a bosom-friendship ended.

A GASTRONOMIC FARCE IN ONE ACT.



TIME.—One o'clock P. M.—PLACE.—Fashionable Restaurant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—
 { BROWN TAILOR-MADE GIRL.
 GRAY TAILOR-MADE GIRL.
 PATIENT WAITER.

[The young women being advantageously seated, extra wraps and bundles disposed of, PATIENT WAITER fills their glasses, and lays menu-card before them. Neither glances at it.]

BROWN TAILOR-MADE GIRL.—I declare, I did n't know I was so tired.

GRAY TAILOR-MADE GIRL.—Nor I. It's so horrid to match goods.

BROWN.—Dreadful. I'd rather buy material for three new dresses than renovate one old one.

GRAY.—So should I. I'm in such a quandary about that silk at Cash's. Did it seem to you to match at all?

[PATIENT WAITER goes off to seat a new-comer. A man.]

BROWN.—Why, I thought it was quite the nearest of any we have seen yet.

GRAY.—Did you, really? I am in such a dilemma about it, and I must send it down to Whalebone to-day, or she will disappoint me.

BROWN.—Yes, the wretch! How quickly she takes advantage of a little delay in that way!

GRAY.—Yes, indeed. She kept me waiting three weeks last winter, for a pink tulle, because I was one day late in sending word whether I wanted a pointed or square bodice.

[PATIENT WAITER, having taken man's order to the kitchen, returns.]

BROWN.—Well, I suppose we must have some luncheon. [Pulls menu-card toward her.] What do you want, Nell?

GRAY.—Oh, I don't know. What are you going to have?

BROWN.—I don't know. I am not very hungry.

GRAY.—Nor I. I breakfasted late, and don't feel as if I could eat a thing.

BROWN (pushing the card across the table).—Do pick out something, Nell. I can't.

GRAY.—Well, I can't, either. I never do know what to take.

[PATIENT WAITER retires and serves man's order. Then he returns.]

GRAY (still studying card).—Do you like oysters?

BROWN.—Not much. I get tired of them.

GRAY.—Well, I don't know but I do, too. At any rate, we won't take an oyster-stew, for they only serve crackers with that, and the bread here is just lovely.

BROWN.—Is n't it! I can make a lunch off their bread and butter.

[PATIENT WAITER shifts from the left to the right leg.]

GRAY.—How would a chicken-croquette go?

BROWN (not sure whether it's Dutch treat or not).—Oh, don't let's take croquettes. We'll be sure to have them to-night at the Millers'.

GRAY.—That's so. Oh, dear, what do I want? I believe I'll take some cream-hashed potatoes.

BROWN.—So will I—and we'll have a cup of chocolate.

GRAY.—Yes, that will do nicely. (to PATIENT WAITER.) Bring us two cream-hashed potatoes and two cups of chocolate.

PATIENT WAITER.—Yes, madam; and bread?

GRAY.—Of course, bread.

PATIENT WAITER.—Bread is only served with a meat order. Not with potatoes alone.

GRAY.—Oh, is that so? 'Then I don't care for potatoes.

BROWN.—Nor I, either. I do love the bread here.

GRAY (resuming her study of the card).—Oh, bother! let's take some consommé.

BROWN.—All right.

GRAY.—But we don't want chocolate with soup.

BROWN.—Oh, no.

GRAY.—Well, we won't take chocolate, then, but we can have some ice-cream afterward if we want it.

BROWN.—Very well.

GRAY (to PATIENT WAITER).—Bring two consommés.

[Three-quarters of an hour later.]

BROWN (finishing the last morsel of bread and a long story at the same moment)—and from that day to this I have never even bowed to her.

GRAY.—You did perfectly right. She was horridly rude—in her own house, too.

PATIENT WAITER (approaching for the tenth time).—Do you wish anything more?

BROWN (looking at her friend).—I really don't believe I care for anything more—the soup is so hearty.

GRAY.—Nor I, either. Besides, we must hurry.

[PATIENT WAITER vanishes and returns with the check, which he discreetly lays midway between the two.]

GRAY (buttoning her glove).—This is mine, Kate.

BROWN.—Oh, no, indeed, Nell. You must let me pay.

GRAY.—Not at all. You came out to shop with me.

BROWN.—Oh, you forget I have several errands of my own.

GRAY.—Oh, I really insist. [Finishes her glove and draws check over. It is forty cents, and she lays a half-dollar on the tray.] Are you sure you did n't want anything more?

BROWN.—Oh, no, indeed. I have eaten all I possibly could.

[PATIENT WAITER returns with two nickels and retires to a convenient distance.]

GRAY (pocketing the nickels).—Do you know, I think it's sort of fast for girls alone to fee waiters.

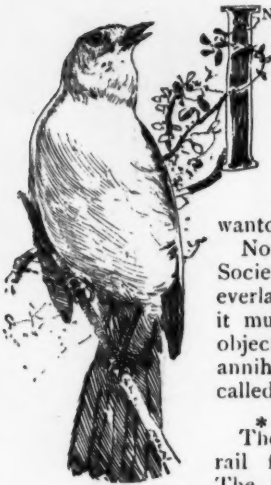
BROWN.—So do I. I rarely do.

GRAY.—Well, let us make haste. We really have no time to lose.

[Then the dear girls trot off to Cash's, and GRAY pays sixteen dollars the yard for trimming to renovate the old dress.]

PHILIP H. WELCH.

OUR BOSS EXCHANGE.



IN THE *American Agriculturist* we learn that "the Audubon Society has for its object the prevention of the destruction of birds for ornaments to women's bonnets, and other wanton killing."

Now, if the Audubon Society would make itself everlastingly solid with us, it must also have for its object the suppression and annihilation of the so-called song in the canary.

Then we are shown a rail for kicking horses. The idea is that a rail should be suspended from

two hanging ropes in such a way that it stretches across the back of the stall containing the kicking horse. Then, when the rear end of the quadruped flies off at a tangent, his hind legs come in contact with the rail, and the air is full of splinters and cuticle. This also gets a horse so that he will never try to jump a rail-fence when grazing, and we should think that one rail, used in this capacity, would outlast half-a-dozen horses. A base-ball umpire stretched behind a horse in this way might be cheaper in the end than a rail, as no amount of kicking would injure either his hide or his sensibilities.

We are then introduced to a pump-protector. We know a better one—our milkman.

"A Bag Holder" is an article that might be defined in a few words, namely: a base-ball-player.

"Bee Notes for December" are not down in musical notation, probably because the only bees December knows are those of the quilting variety.

"A Home-Made Stump-Puller" is an interesting article, but we never did and never will believe in it. Give us a good experienced professional dentist every time.

"The Bald Cypress" is an impressive picture. We should think one of them would be just the thing to mark the last resting-place of a never-failing hair-renewer man.

"The Ward Apple" looks like a very luscious specimen of a very luscious fruit. Before saying anything more about it, we want to know which ward it hails from.

Under the head of "Farm and Garden Work," we are informed that the work on a farm is never

done. It is n't. As soon as the hay is in, it is time to plant the winter wheat. When the potatoes are hoed, it is time to weed the cabbage, and when the apples are gathered the ox is down with garget. If the farm-work were always done, and nothing whatever to do at any time, then we should love to be farmers.

We love our *Agriculturist*, and when we're feeling blue
We pick it up, and softly smile, and read it through and through;

And then we fancy that we fly, with gorgeous silken sails,
All stretched and filled with purple tones, and aromatic gales.

And while we read we have to rise and dance a lively jig,
To learn the thing that always cures dyspepsia in a pig,
Or how to keep the down from dropping off the winter geese,

And what to feed the sheep upon to make them taste like meese.*

We do not want to be a Czar, an Emperor or King,
A Sultan, or a Shah, or any other royal thing;
But it would keep our fancies ever more upon the bud
To own an *Agriculturist*, and be an Orange Judd.

* Plural f moose.

THE EX-KH-DIVE, Ismail Pasha, is going the rounds of London society. Mrs. Khedive amuses herself meanwhile by playing poker and backgammon with herself. As there are thirty-four of her, the game is always interesting.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED SLIGHTLY.



When the Knight of the Middle Ages courted his lady love, he usually encountered considerable parental opposition; in fact, he generally had to run away with the girl.



But if the Knight of the Middle Ages was to do his courting in these days, he would find that the parental opposition had considerably diminished.

MARKING THEM DOWN.



SHOE DEALER (to partner).—That new lot of French slippers is going very slowly. Had n't we better mark 'em down?

PARTNER.—Yes; mark the fives down to threes, and the fours to twos.

This change was made, and in a day or two the stock was exhausted.

"HAVE YOU finished your sermon, dear?" asked the wife of one of the Brooklyn divines. "Sermon be blanked!" was the reply: "how in blazes do you suppose I'm going to write sermons? This is another reply to the four hundred and forty-fourth chapter of charges in the twelfth case. Nice chance I have to write sermons!"

WHEN ADELINA PATTI is lonesome in her Welsh castle, she leans over the balusters of the grand stair-case and inquires the time. The butler sings out something about ygitwelvetgwyclockpen, and after three or four hours of hard study, in which she tries to find out what he means, the feeling of isolation is all gone.

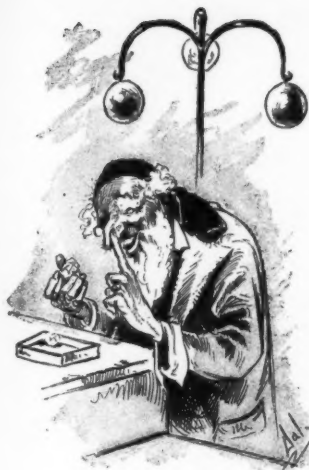
A NUMBER OF Auckland ladies are to present Mr. Gladstone with an album of native gems. The gift is not intrinsically valuable, but it double-discounts that gold axe which his admirers in this country have not presented him with.

FATHER Beckx, the Generalissimo of the Jesuits, is still hale and hearty at the age of ninety-two, in spite of the fact that he has had to hiccough every time he has spoken his name during all that time.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY finds it difficult to get around the Boston streets. The ladies all take him for Apollo, and he has hard work to keep himself off a pedestal in the public garden, not to speak of keeping clothes on his back.

FRANK JONES, of New Hampshire, is in Florida in search of health, and Portsmouth ale is looked on with suspicion.

YES, GASPARD, Cotton Mather was an all-wool man.



SOLOMON KOHN'S RAPTURE.

DIAMONDS and pearls and rubies,
Rubies and diamonds and pearls,
Old Solomon Kohn examines
Until his white hair curls.

His smile like a cheery sunbeam
Adown his whiskers goes,
As he winks and lays his finger
Softly against his nose.

"Feefty per cent. per annum!"
He says, and another smile
Announces that in his vision
Rises a wond'rous pile.

"What eef the poys shout 'Sheeny!'
And tell me I live on hog,
And make lots of funny peesness
On me and the synagogue?"

"I can just sit here at the counter and attend to them vot calls
To raise them a little monish under dose tree gold balls.

"Und I puts it all in de savings banks, vare it does me good,
Und on Sundays I dakes Rebecca up to dot Shones's Vood.

"Und ven on de gress ve're sitting, I plows the froth off the beer
Und softly whispers unto Rebecca right in her ear:

"Diamonds and pearls and rubies, rubies and diamonds and pearls,
Und right in dot Vood of Shones's, poth of our ringlets curls."

LIFE OVER THE RIVER.

A FEW ITEMS HANDED IN BY A BROOKLYN REPORTER.

STRANGER.—A stranger of somewhat dudish appearance promenaded Clinton Avenue for nearly an hour the other afternoon. Much interest is felt as to his identity by the belles of the neighborhood. As he wore clothes of this season's cut, it is believed that he was from New York.

McHOWLER.—The Rev. Gideon McHowler, of the Church of the Infatuation, has been the recipient of many congratulations upon his recent acquittal. He says: "I was sustained throughout the trial by the thought that I was a Brooklyn pastor, and was therefore certain to escape conviction. I am very thankful that I have been cleared from all suspicion; and, as you are aware, I have promised my dear brethren never to offend again." Mr. McHowler has our heartfelt sympathy.

DUSENBURY.—Mamie and Sadie Dusenbury, two well-known belles of the Twenty-sixth Ward, go to New York for their music-lessons.

HAWKINS.—Deacon Hawkins's black hen laid an egg containing two yolks yesterday. How is this for Brooklyn?

DE LA RAUTER.—Miss Ida De La Rauter, of Cranberry Street, is soon to go upon the stage. She is a member of one of Brooklyn's best families, and is therefore certain to receive immediate recognition as the legitimate successor of Cushman.

KIDD.—It is believed that the late Captain Kidd left his treasures lying in the middle of De Kalb Avenue, feeling sure that in the ordinary course of events they would never be discovered. A company is now being organized to search for them.

SKIPPER.—Many of our citizens will remember that D. Jay Skipper, the late cashier of the Druggists' National Bank, who is now in Canada, carried the banner for the Sunday-school of St. Job's Church, at the Anniversary last May. He was regarded a promising young man, and he has lived up to his reputation.

FERGUSON.—The employees of the Atlantic Avenue railroad were put to a great deal of trouble Thursday afternoon last, in removing the remains of Gustavus W. Ferguson, who got in the way of an approaching train. The company has been much annoyed lately by trespassers upon its track.

PIRATE.—Many of our best people are attending the performances of the great English melodrama, "The Pirate of the Thames," this week. It is due to the local management to state that the piece is being presented in precisely the same manner in which it was given in New York, except that one act is entirely cut out, and that all the leading members of the company being indisposed (for this week only), their places have been supplied by gifted recruits from the noble army of supernumeraries.

RUMOR.—The report that one of our theatres intended to have a new set of scenery painted has been indignantly denied by all our managers. These gentlemen state that they have too much respect for the traditions of the Brooklyn stage ever to dream of thus insulting them.



A DISPATCH FROM Halifax, N. S., says that a marriage has been arranged between the Hon. Alfred Byng, son of the late Earl of Strathford, Captain of the Seventh Hussars and Aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, and—(in the excitement incident to the above the name of the lady has escaped us.)

A YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE in the vicinity of Boston has organized a society "for the purpose of having a good time." Real estate in the vicinity of the Concord School is booming.

"COUNT DE LESSEPS always wears a tall hat."—*Exchange.* Madame la Comtesse has our sincere sympathy.

"HON. JEFFERSON DAVIS has declined all invitations to visit the North." If the Southern paper from which we clip this wants to keep abreast of the times let it cull over its files of about twenty-five years ago, and notice how closely Mr. Davis has clung to his opinions.

A BLACK AND WHITE streak shot through Westchester last week, and citizens were not sure whether it was a meteor or a comet, until enlightened by the news that Michael Duffy stopped to caress a Harlem goat. The goat has never lived an irreproachable life; but it could n't stand that, and is now in Stamford recuperating.

DURING QUEEN VICTORIA's stay at Balmoral this season, it rained nineteen consecutive days in three weeks. The other two days were devoted to collecting "leaves," and leaving Balmoral; and John Brown's grave being too firmly anchored to take away, it was left also.

NOW THAT the women have secured a foothold in the Board of Education, we trust that something will be done with the young lady teachers who work slippers for the principals.

AN EASTERN advertisement says that W. J. Rolfe will deliver a series of lectures on "Shakspeare in Boston." The novelty of the entertainment ought to put a drag-net on the Hub's ducats.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was the Minister in attendance at the birth of Battenberg's heir. We trust he will gain wisdom by experience.

A PHILADELPHIA woman has given a hall worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and now they are begging her to take it back. The records being written up only to the time of Columbus's second voyage, they have no use for a large room, and will remain in their present quarters, a dry-goods box on Peanut Street.

MITIGATION.



OUT-OF-COMMISSION YACHTSMAN.—I see that Lieutenant and Mrs. Henn are to leave for London the middle of next month, leaving the *Galatea* behind.

MRS. YACHTSMAN.—How pathetic—but the poor boat is used to such treatment, is n't she?

WILLIAM'S AMBITION.



SOME eight moons since, I engaged a new office-boy. His name was William, and he had just reached the age at which a boy is so congenial and wholly delightful a companion to those of maturer years—the witching age of fourteen. He was a large, loose-jointed boy, with protruding eyes, red hair, freckles, and first-class references. His former employer said that William was honest and painstaking, but that he was given to fits of absent mindedness—that he would sit wrapped in meditation for hours at a time, when he ought to be treading the paths of industry. But this tendency of William's did not unfit him for my service, because all I required of a boy was that he stand around and look picturesque, and run on an occasional errand, and tell people whom it was unwise for me to see, that I had just gone out of town.

William interested me strangely. He looked to me like a boy who had a large and well-defined object in life. I studied him. I tried to draw him out, but in vain. He was not of a religious turn of mind; for when I asked him if he would not like to join my Sunday-school class, he first inquired if all the pupils received costly gifts at Christmas, and when I replied that they did not, said he guessed he would n't go. When I pressed him for his reasons, he said, with tears in his eyes, that he had the heart-disease, and that it would n't do for him to get excited on religious subjects.

I noticed that William was very frugal and economical. He never patronized the Italian bon-bon man at the corner; the succulent peanut had no charms for him; the blandishments of the ginger-snap merchant who occasionally visited the office never made the slightest impression upon this singular youth.

"Undoubtedly, William," said I to him one morning: "you are the only son of a widowed mother, to whom each Saturday night you take your salary; and who, as she scoops it in, clasps you to her breast, and with tear-dimmed eyes thanks heaven for the priceless gift of a noble and devoted son. I am correct in my supposition, am I not?"

"Naw," replied William, a tinge of sarcasm in his voice: "me fader's gettin' fifty a week, an' me mudder does dressmakin'. Dey don't want me wages. I freezes on to it meself, an' salts it down."

I reproved William for the unseemly manner in which he expressed himself—for if there is anything that makes me everlastingly weary it is slang—and questioned him further in a gentle and fatherly manner, but could gain no additional information; for William, when he chose, could be as uncommunicative as a bivalve, and this was one of the times when he chose.

William had one little extravagance; he expended five cents each week in the purchase of a boys' story-paper. It was a small, disreputable appearing sheet, with wood-cuts that looked as though they had been engraved with an axe. William used to enjoy the perusal of this paper immensely; when he was in the midst of one of his favorite stories, you could have exploded a dynamite-bomb in the room and he would not have heard it. He also possessed a book, which he read and re-read, apparently

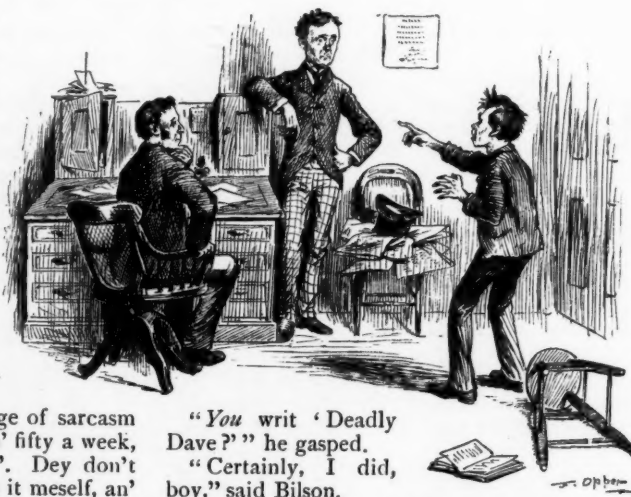
with never-flagging interest. It was number 647 of the *Flash Library*, and was entitled: "Deadly Dave, the Giant Indian Slayer." I glanced through it once, and found that it was written in the first person, and recounted the alleged adventures of an unpleasantly sanguinary person in the far West.

"It was 'Deadly Dave' himself writ der book," said William to me, in one of his confidential moods: "He's a hummer from Hummer-ville. It's all true, too—der pre-face ses so."

One morning, when William had been with me perhaps five months, Jack Bilson came in to borrow five dollars. Jack is a newspaper man, and, like a good many of his kind, is frequently "hard up." He is not of imposing appearance, being only about five feet in height, and very slender, with big, sorrowful-looking blue eyes, a shadowy moustache and a sickly smile.

"I was doing well," he said mournfully: "with Thunderby & Co., the proprietors of the *Flash Library*, when they failed. Why, I made a big hit with my 'Deadly Dave.' Twenty thousand copies sold, sir, and—"

A sudden movement on the part of William caused Bilson to pause. The boy had sprung to his feet, and his face was so pale that the freckles looked black.



"You writ 'Deadly Dave?'" he gasped.

"Certainly, I did, boy," said Bilson.

"An' you are 'Deadly Dave?'"

"I'm the only 'Deadly Dave' there ever was."

"An' the story ain't true?"

"Of course not."

Reader, I suppose that Romeo would have been a good deal surprised if, when he went round to see Juliet some Sunday evening, he had found that she had eloped with a man from Iowa; I am also inclined to believe that my old school-boy friend, the present Czar of Russia, would be filled with wonder, were his people to unite in presenting him with a gold-headed cane as a slight testimonial of their affection and esteem. But the combined amazement of all these individuals would not, I believe, equal that of my young friend William, when he learned that the original and only Deadly Dave stood before him in the person of a diminutive blue-eyed youth with an infantile smile.

AN IMAGINATIVE MIND.



"Can you give me a drink, madam?" begged the tramp.

"I can give you a drink of water," she said.

"Well," he said, after some consideration: "water 'll do, if you can give me an old tomato-can to drink it from. I'm a poor and lowly wreck, madam," he concluded with pathos: "but, thank heaven, I have still left the remnants of what was at one time considered the finest imagination in the county where I was born!"

When Bilson had departed, William confessed to me that he had been saving his wages for many months, with the intention of going out to the Red River, and becoming a professional Indian Slayer, as soon as he had accumulated enough money to purchase an outfit and pay his fare.

For a time William seemed bowed down with woe, and I feared that his noble spirit had been utterly crushed; but being of a buoyant nature, as well as of a romantic turn, he soon transferred his allegiance to one "Red-Handed Carlos, the Demon Avenger of the Spanish Main."

Last week William suddenly disappeared, leaving behind him a mysteriously-worded note, in which he hinted that it was extremely improbable that those who loved him would ever see him again, unless they sought him in sunnier climes. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his distracted employer. Spanish papers please copy.

F. A. STEARNS.

A PROPER QUESTION.

CENSUS-TAKER.—Where were you born, madam?

WOMAN.—Rome.

CENSUS-TAKER.—Ah, of foreign birth!

WOMAN.—No, Rome, New York.

CENSUS-TAKER.—Same thing.

WOMAN.—But, I tell you, I'm no foreigner.

CENSUS-TAKER.—Then what are you doing in this country?

KISMET.

ALL Nature is dreary and murky,
My soul's full of anguish and sorrow
Indeed, I'm as glum as the turkey
Who knows he'll be eaten to-morrow

My meals are not even digested,
Because my digestion's terrific—
I wish that I had n't invested
Last Thursday in "Central Pacific."



TAKE NOTICE.



WHEN the cold December weather brings the frost upon the heather,
And the tourists all together in the bar-room round the fire,
Where they give themselves to lunching, cheese and soda-crackers munching,
Till the waiter falls to punching, when they hasten to retire;
When our city's chief adorer, the Italian on the corner,

Grows diurnally forlorn, more dejected in his mien,
O'er the chestnuts, somewhat rawer than he roasted for the gnawer,
Now appearing in the "Drawer" of a leading magazine;

When the crimson ball is floating from the horse-cars, thus denoting
That the season's done for boating in the Park, and skating's there;
When the traveler is cheated by the sign: "This car is heated,"
As he finds when he is seated and has offered up his fare;

When the female agitators go before our legislators
As the champion elevators of the unenfranchised few;
When the oyster's long vacation has attained its termination,
And he takes his former station in the church's festal stew;

When you view, with apprehension, what we bring to your attention,
With more symptoms we could mention of the yellow leaf and sere,
Take assurance from a scholar, get yourself a sealskin collar,
And go bet your bottom-dollar that old winter draweth near.

Gather, then, about the fire, punch the same to your desire,
Make the lurid flame mount higher, and 'tis all the better luck,
If of cares to disencumber or preserve your mind from slumber,
You consult the Christmas Number of illuminated PUCK.

NATIVE INDUSTRY.

NEW YORK, December 3, 1886.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I wish you would try to do something for me. I am a reformed bunco steerer, and desire to lead an honest life, but find it difficult to obtain a desirable situation. I notice that the Eden Musée employs an automatic Turk, called Ajeeb, to play chess with the American public. Can't you induce the manager to discharge this foreigner and hire a native American poker-player in his stead? I am sure the visitors to the Musée would appreciate the change. I can play poker fourteen hours on a stretch without feeling the time pass. I can fill a bob-tail flush whenever the state of my opponent's hand renders such a proceeding advisable. I know, by long and painful experience, how far to go on three of a kind; and I make a specialty of jack-pots. Will you not use your influence in the matter?

Yours truly,

THIRSTY JACK

HER METHOD.

MISS INGENUE.—How is it one never sees any but the most desirable young men attentive to your daughters?

MRS. WORLDLY. You see, my dear, in the beginning I engage the young men in a game of cribbage, where the cards are dealt one at a time. If they deal five and then stop, that settles them. They play poker.

If EVARTS should ever be compelled to eat his own words, he would soon be sufficiently corpulent enough to go into a dime-museum as a fat man.

LET US have plenty of statistics. If the Statue of Liberty, Miss Bartholdi, were married, she could keep a million-pound husband bald-headed for forty-seven thousand years.

THE LITTLE Princelet Battenberg is said to resemble Bertha Wilfer's inexhaustible baby in one respect. It has a painful acidity of stomach whenever its maternal grandmother shows up.

THINGS NEVER TO BE FOUND WHEN WE WANT THEM.



The boy who threw that snow-ball.



A few neat, humorous and appropriate remarks when you are unexpectedly called on to speak at a dinner.



Your fare, when there is a rush on the elevated road.



MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.*

IF YOU desire to pronounce Mr. Munkacsy's name properly, you must say Moongcahtchy.

MISS VIOLET CAMERON is a flower that was born to blush unseen. That is, nobody ever saw her blush.

IT is said that Queen Victoria is having a new throne made, and that the Prince is getting discouraged.

PATTI'S FAVORITE color is red, but she also admires green. She thinks the American bank-note has such a lovely shade.

THOSE PEOPLE who have neither seen George Alfred Townsend, nor read his writings, believe the story that when a young man he had a tendency to blush.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS says that there are only seven million free negroes in this country to-day. A number must have died or moved away since we last strolled up Thompson Street.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEXICAN went around with a broken arm for a week, without knowing that it was disabled. In some way or other he reminds us forcibly of the Republican party.

GAYARRE, THE famous Spanish tenor, began life by singing for eighty cents an evening, in a Madrid concert-hall. He now gets twelve hundred dollars per night, and a corresponding increase of newspaper damning.

MRS. MCFARLANE, the author of "The Magic of a Voice," has had her first interview with the girl at the central telephone station, and has ordered the complete annihilation of her work. She says that the lie was unintentional.

GAIL HAMILTON has written a long article to prove that the young woman of the period is frail, frivolous, foolish and fantastic. So she is, Gail, so she is, and we men are just frail, frivolous, foolish and fantastic enough to admire her.

NORA BROWN, of Owensboro, Ky., has been an invalid for years. An angel appeared to her the other night and told her that she should live another year, but, as she is rapidly sinking, her friends believe the angel to have been Fullgraf.

CONGRESSMAN FELTON went to California when nineteen years old, without a cent, and is now worth ten million dollars. The big tree-hackman had not been evolved when he started on his run of luck, and he was able to save something.

SINCE HENRY M. STANLEY'S account of his African "blood-brotherhood" ceremonies was published, he has had some very flattering offers. The medicine men of the different tribes punched hundreds of holes in his legs for the purpose of transferring the blood of their respective chiefs, and the cracker-bakers are after him for a stamping machine.

* More next week.



A SLIGHT COOLNESS

PUC K.



COOLNESS BETWEEN THEM.

STUDY THEIR COMFORT.



WE are told by our esteemed contemporary, the *Farmer's Best Friend*, that "No animal does as well as it should that is not comfortable. Study the comfort of all kinds of live stock."

Although we have never lived upon a farm longer than the usual period of a summer vacation, we feel justified in agreeing with the *Farmer's Best Friend* that what it says above is absolutely true to the letter.

Therefore, believing as we do that animals should be kept as comfortable as possible, we wish to scatter a little wholesome advice upon the subject, which we trust will be taken in the same kindly spirit in which it is offered.

If you want to get the maximum amount of work out of your ox, you must show him that you love him. Don't kick him and beat him with rails. Be kind to him. Pet him and make him comfortable. Don't leave him in a cold, dreary stable all night. Bring him into the house and let him sleep on the sofa all night, with a crazy-quilt thrown over him. Then feed him on olives, and tie ribbons on his horns, and after a while he will grow to love you, and only think of doing all the work he can to repay you for your kind treatment. Instead of walking before the plough, he will gallop, and you will succeed in disposing of an acre an hour.

Then let the donkey sleep on the rug in front of the fire. If he brays at the fire he will only be an improvement on a pair of bellows, and you can soon soothe him with Schubert's Serenade. Feed him on caramels, and make him feel comfortable; then you will not have the slightest trouble in getting him to run on the treadmill belonging to the churn. And he will never kick the children, or roll on them after he has playfully thrown them off his back. And you may get him so fond of you that he will kick the servant-girl's favorite cousin through the window if he undertakes to stay later than ten. But never let him lay his eyes on the hobby-horse. A donkey is sensitive, and he would not relish the spectacle of anything in the shape of a horse on rockers with his mane and tail nailed on, and a pair of ears made of sole-leather, to say nothing of the bridle being fastened in his mouth as though it grew there.

To keep the hens happy, bring them in the house at night, and permit them to perch on the family-tree; if you have no family-tree, arrange them along the portière-poles and the hat-stand. Then, if a thief should come in at the dead of night, and evince a fancy for your new overcoat, the hens will save it in the same way that the geese saved Rome. Then they will lay eggs in the waste-basket.

If you are an author, they will give you ideas. A hen building her nest in an umbrella-stand is just as good as the wren doing the same act in the mouth of a cannon.

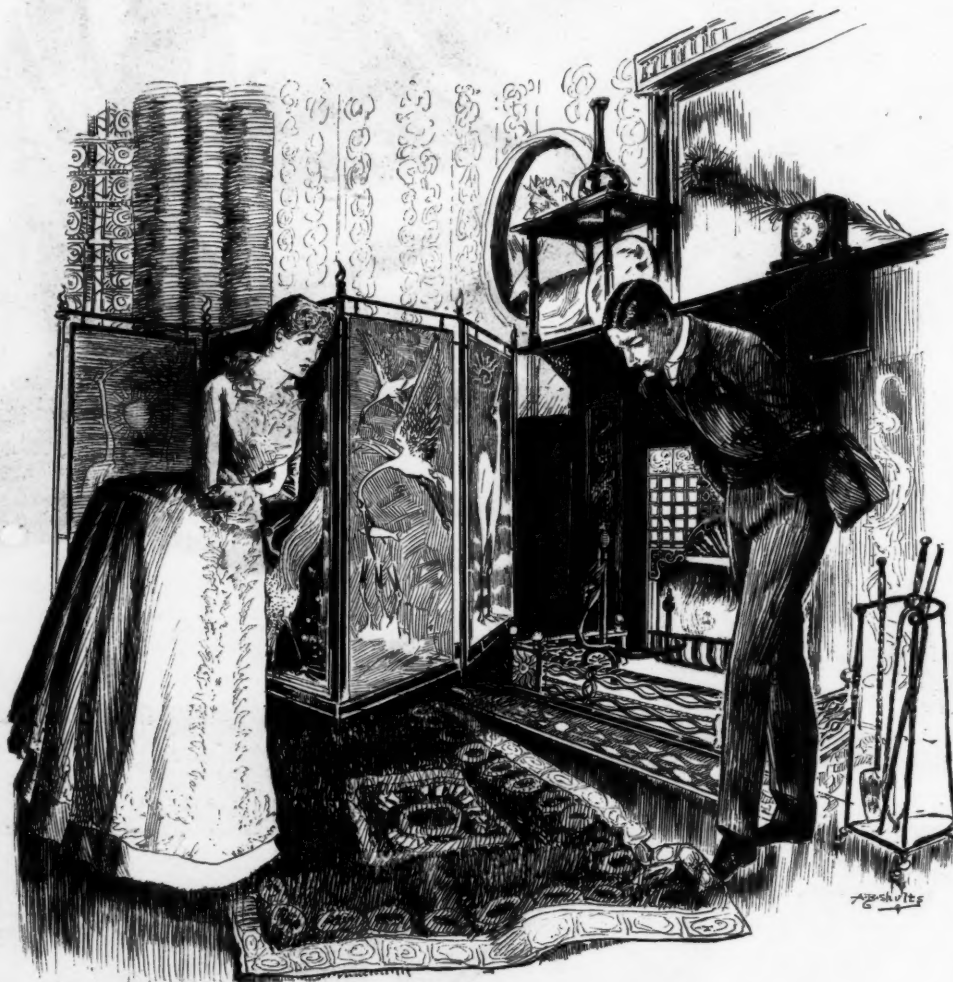
The ducks could be brought in in the same way, and kept over night in the bath-tub and wash-basins. Care should be taken to put the soap out of reach.

We will say nothing about bringing the pigs in the house. Everybody knows how the pig appreciates kind treatment in the domestic circle. See how the pig and the Irishman agree. They live in the same hut, and seem like brothers.

Therefore, be kind to your animals. Make them comfortable and happy, and you may rest assured that you will be more than repaid by them for your kindness and consideration.

SENATOR MAHONE is credited with having made forty thousand dollars on the recent boom in Richmond Terminal stock, and the fact that he has at last made some kind of a success must surprise him more than we know of.

GETTING THE BETTER OF IT.



HUSBAND (*irascibly*).—We don't need that rug any more than a cat needs two tails. How often have I told you, my dear, never to buy anything because it's cheap?

WIFE (*with the air of one who has got the better of the argument*).—But it was n't cheap, my love. It cost forty dollars.



THEY ARE to have an Archæological Park in Rome, and the United States has been asked to contribute. We've done so much lately in the line of contributions that we are a little weak; but if a suggestion is worth anything, here it is: Get up a club, purchase or bond Evarts's hat, and let her go.

THE EMPEROR of Austria has been smoking twenty cigars a day, and his physicians have ordered him to stop. He has probably been getting into trim to ride in a Harlem Railroad smoking-car from 42d Street to Williamsbridge; but he has got to work to be able to stand it.

WE STARTED to copy Robert Burns Wilson's *Century* poem in our scrap-book; but when we struck:

"As with up-gathered folds of dewy lace
She hugs remembrance to her yearning breast,"

remembrance refused to come out again, and we had to drop the pen and go to sleep.

GEORGE, THE RUNNER, says that his visit this time is for pleasure solely, but that he don't mind a match with Myers. Judging from the past, George's idea of pleasure is peculiar.

JOHN A. LOGAN says that in his opinion Lowell is the best writer of pure English now living, and Lowell is now scratching around for a book of slang synonyms with which to return the compliment.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's message to Congress will be in his own handwriting, not a line of it having been intrusted to clerks. The Washington typewriter hours are going back on "protection."

St. Nicholas for the current month has an article on "How a Panorama is Made." We have n't had time to read this especial elucidation; but an old college memory sings out, "beer on top of distilled liquor," and we are satiated.

NOW THAT E. C. Stedman has been elected a governor of the Stock Exchange, it is hoped that "futures" will put on some "hope."

TWENTY-SIX COLORED designs by William Blake are for sale in London for one thousand pounds and—Puck is only ten cents per copy. This is not an advertisement.

WHAT THEY FIND TO SAY.

Several Brief Conversations Overheard on Broadway the Other Morning.

"WHY, Clara, is that you?"
 "Why, Minnie!" (they kiss.)
 "I have n't seen you since you came back from the country. Did you have a nice time?"



"Perfectly lovely. Did you?"
 "Perfectly magnificent. How is that dear little Fido of yours?"
 "Oh, he's just as lovely as ever. I'm teaching him to walk on his hind-legs now."
 "Oh, is n't that too sweet for anything! How are the children?"
 "All well but Johnny; he has the croup."
 "Oh, is n't that perfectly awful! Have you got the same cook?"
 "That horrid German creature? Thank goodness, no. I have a French woman now."
 "Is she good?"
 "Elegant. Oh, Minnie, have you seen Mrs. Delancy's new hat? It's last year's made over, with her old white ostrich-feather dyed brown—I knew it the moment I set my eyes on it—and that same old piece of red velvet that she's worn for the last five years. Is n't it ridiculous? Is Mr. Delancy in straitened circumstances, or is it economy?"
 "I'm sure I don't know. I think she's perfectly horrid, anyway. What a perfectly lovely hat yours is!"
 "It's awfully nice in you to say so. Yours is simply grand. But I must be going. Do come and see me soon."
 "I'm going to. Good-bye, dear."
 "By-bye."

"Soy, Jimmy!"
 "Hullo, Mike, is dat you? Where yer bin sence 'lection?"
 "Me? Oh, I've bin layin' low."



"Dey tell me yer got inter some kind ur a muss."
 "Ye'r right I did. I was workin' all 'lection day fer me brudder-in-law, Hooligan, an' I—"
 "Is Hooligan yer brudder-in-law?"
 "Why, cert; he married me sister Kate. When he got der nomination, he ses, ses he: 'Do what yer kin fer me, Mike, an' ef I gets in, I'll have yer put on der police.' I t'ought he was white, an' I worked for him all day at der polls. Towards der last der inspectors got onter me racket, an' I had ter skip. As soon as I heard Hooligan was elected I went ter him, an' ses I: 'Ef it had n't bin

HER FIRST VOYAGE.



LADY (from Akron, Ohio, bound for Europe).—Say, cap'n, does this boat stop to Stamford, Connecticut? I've got a cousin livin' there.
 POLITE SEA-DOG.—No, ma'am. We don't stop anywhere this side of Norwich.

fer me, yer wud n'ter got yer majority. Now, ses I: 'I'm in trouble, an' yer've got ter see me t'rough.' 'Naw,' ses he: 'I'm sorry fer yer, Mike, but in me present position,' ses he: 'I can't afford ter be mixed up in der matter.' Blankety, blankety, blank!"
 "Blankety, blankety, blank!" (sympathetically.)

"Ah, old chappie, you heah?"
 "Ya-as, deah boy. Beastly mawning."
 "Oh, shocking. I say, though, that's a new top-coat you 'ave on."
 "Ya-as. Like it, deah boy? Got it from the custom 'ouse, yesterday."
 "You 'ave your togs made on the other side?"
 "Oh, ya-as."
 "I 'ave mine made heah."
 "Oh, deah boy, that's bad form, doncherknow."
 "I think I'll leave me measure in London, when I go over next yeah."
 "Ever been over there?"
 "No; 'ave you?"
 "Nevah."



"Wa-al, Reuben, I did n't calc'late ter meet yeou here!"
 "Why, I wantur know ef that's yeou, Caleb. When'd yer come ter the city?"
 "Day before yest'd'y. But sa-ay, Reuben, did n't I see yeou a-comin' aout o' that lick-store over yender?"
 "Wa-al-er, Caleb, the fact is, I wa'n't feelin' very well—"
 "Sakes alive, Reuben, yeou need n't be afeard o' me. I sha'n't say nothin' ter the folks 't hum. Ben a-goin' it a leetle mite myself since

I ben daown here. Went ter one o' these here burlesque shows last night. Struck up an acquaintance with a young feller there, an' we went aout ev'ry time the curtain went daown, an' got some o' this here lager beer. I drunk's many's five glasses—did, by hokey, Reuben—an' I tell yeou it flew ter my head, an' I did n't know but what I was goin' ter have trouble ter git back ter the hotel. But I did n't. The young chap I was tellin' yer 'bout got a leetle more 'n was good for him, I guess, for somehaow 'r ruther he lost his pocket-book, an' I had ter lend him three dollars. He's goin' ter leave it at the hotel for me. 'Tight afore last I went ter the opory. Did n't think much on it, though."
 "Wa-al, Caleb, yeou air a-goin' it."
 "Yes, I b'leeve in injoyin' myself when I dew git away from hum once 'n awhile. Say, come in here an' have somethin' at my 'xpense."
 "Wa-al, I'll be darned, Caleb, ef you ain't a-goin' it! Go ahead, then—I won't 'nsult yer by refusin'. Haw, haw, haw!"
 "Haw, haw, haw!"



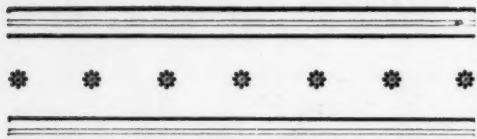
F. A. STEARNS.

HOW SHE KNEW.

PARAGRAPHER'S WIFE.—What are you writing now, my dear?
 PARAGRAPHER.—A French joke, my love.
 PARAGRAPHER'S WIFE.—I thought your face had a look of extreme vacuity just then.

The Duplex burner which a year or two since was considered the best burner in use is now obsolete, the Improved Hickok Calcium completely superseding it.

Owing to the pressure upon our advertising columns. PUCK this week contains Twenty Pages.



Fred:
Brown's
Ginger
Will Cure
Cramps
and Colic.



STAMP COLLECTORS. Willard's Album, 2800 spaces, boards 25 cents. 1000 best ass't foreign stamps, 25 cents; 200 7 cents. WILLARD BROS., 1510 Van Pelt St., Phila. 52

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PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.
PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR)
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
LUYTIES BROTHERS,
GENERAL AGENTS.
No. 573 Broadway, New York. No. 1 Wall Street, New York.

"The car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Beekonstreet to her friend from the West, as they both journeyed Cambridgeward in the horse-car.

"Yes," said the Chicago girl: "and how it chokes one up, don't it? I wonder they don't open the ventilators." — *Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Champagne
ANALYZED

Champagne, with a minimum of alcohol, is by far the wholesomest and possesses remarkable exhilarating power.

THOMAS KING CHAMBERS, M. D., F. R. C. P.,
Honorary Physician to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

Having occasion to investigate the question of wholesome beverages, I have made chemical analysis of the most prominent brands of Champagne.

I find G. H. Mumm & Co.'s Extra Dry to contain in a marked degree less alcohol than the others. I therefore most cordially commend it not only for its purity but as the most wholesome of the Champagnes.

R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M. D., LL. D.,
Prof. Chemistry, Bellevue Hospital Med. College, N. Y.

Champagne, whilst only possessing the alcoholic strength of natural wines, is useful for exciting the flagging powers in case of exhaustion.

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Lecturer on Physiology at Guy's Hospital, London.

Champagne containing the smallest percentage of spirits is the most wholesome.

JOHN SWINBURNE, M. D.,
Former Health Officer of Port of New York. 82

C. C. SHAYNE,
Manufacturing Furrier,

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Will retail fashionable Furs and Seal-Skin Garments this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

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PIANO COVERS, PIANO SCARFS, TABLE COVERS, MUSIC CABINETS and STANDS, largest assortment, lowest prices.

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Now offer among their Immense Assortment of fine

WINTER WRAPS

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Made of extra fine real SEAL PLUSH, closely resembling Alaska Seal, lined with fine Quilted Satin, &c.

46 different styles of Winter Wraps are now in stock for selection. Every garment is guaranteed perfect in fit, style and workmanship. At prices, as usual, lower than any other house.

Sixth Ave. and 20th St.

THREE GOOD CHEERS.

SHE.—That was a very annoying blunder I made last night in sitting Miss B. next to Miss C. at dinner. It was too stupid of me!

HE.—Why?

SHE.—Because they have n't spoken for years. They belong to the same choir.

"Yes," he said: "I was in California from '49 to '60, so I know something about the country."

"Did you dig much gold?"

"Never dug any."

"Do you mean to say that you were in California in '49 and did n't dig for gold?"

"Yes, that's what I mean to say. I let other people dig it for me. I kept a hotel."

"I've been down to Floridy," said the passenger, who occupied two seats: "but I hed to leave on account of the skeeters."

"Are there many mosquitos in Florida?"

"Many? I live in New Jersey, Mister, an' I'm going home to escape 'em."—Philip H. Welch in *Good Cheer*.

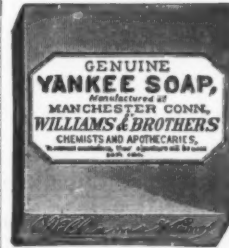
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Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

NO GENTLEMAN



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It softens the beard, soothes the skin. Its lather is heavy, and does not dry on the face. It has no equal. All Druggists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Sample by Mail, 12 cts.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn.
Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., Manchester, 1840.

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THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.
Price, 30 Cents.

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MAGAZINE**

First (January) Number Ready December 15th.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE will be in the widest sense a magazine of general literature; and its main purpose will be to bring together not only good reading, but literature of lasting value. Each number will be fully illustrated. The artistic side of the magazine will represent the most spirited, sincere and original work.

Among the many interesting and important papers to be printed in the Magazine during the first year are the remarkable series of

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY,

the existence of which has only recently become publicly known, and concerning which the greatest expectation and curiosity have been aroused. Their importance and interest will more than justify this.

Fac-similes of unpublished drawings will accompany the Letters.

Several articles giving very striking personal views of great historic events and periods; notable among them

**EX-MINISTER E. B. WASHBURNE'S REMINISCENCES OF THE
SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS,**

told by him from his papers, private diaries, and personal recollection of an experience absolutely unique, as he was the only member of the Diplomatic Corps remaining in the city.

IN FICTION THERE WILL BE MANY NOTABLE ATTRACTIONS.

The publishers expect to begin during the present year the publication of a striking novel, which has been arranged for with

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

who will also contribute a shorter story to an early number. With the earliest numbers will be begun a very strong and original

NOVEL, BY HAROLD FREDERIC,

entitled "Seth's Brother's Wife," the scene of which is laid in a new field—Central New York.

A STORY, BY H. C. BUNNER,

Editor of Puck, entitled, "The Story of a New York House," which has to do with a most interesting phase of New York life, will prove especially attractive and original in its subject and

method. It is illustrated by A. B. Frost, Hopkinson Smith and George Wharton Edwards.

Among the other interesting features of the first numbers will be:

A Novelette by

J. S. of Dale (F. J. STIMSON).

SHORT STORIES by

Joel Chandler Harris,

T. A. Janvier (IVORY BLACK),

Sarah Orne Jewett,

Octave Thanet,

H. H. Boyesen,

Margaret Crosby,

and many other well known authors, besides notable stories by new writers.

Francis A. Walker contributes a striking article on SOCIALISM.

Rev. William Hayes Ward (Editor of *The Independent*), writes of the BABYLONIAN SEAL-CYLINDERS—the paper will be beautifully illustrated.

John C. Ropes gives an exquisitely illustrated paper upon the EXISTING LIKENESSES OF CAESAR.

Capt. F. V. Greene, U. S. Engineers, a suggestive article on our Coast Defences.

Edwin H. Blashfield a most interesting study in art history with drawings by the author.

Many other important illustrated articles and papers upon literary topics, etc., etc., are reserved for later announcement.

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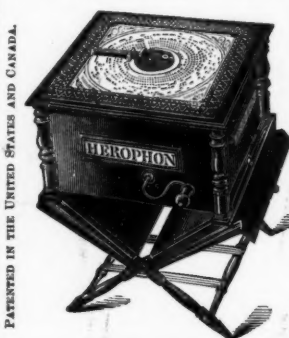
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I feel I'm growing mirk,
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An' aye, the stormd is birk.
I've fashed mysel' in Creeshie rat
O'er Jouk an hallan braw,
An' now I'll stowlin's pit my duds
An' gar sark white as snaw

I feel I'm growing mirk, gude wife,
I feel I'm growing mirk,
An' wae an' wae the giglet jinks,
'Tis wheep-ed in my dirk.
My claes are mirk in howdie whangs,
But still my heart is fair,
Though youres loup an blink,
I'm nae so puir in gear.

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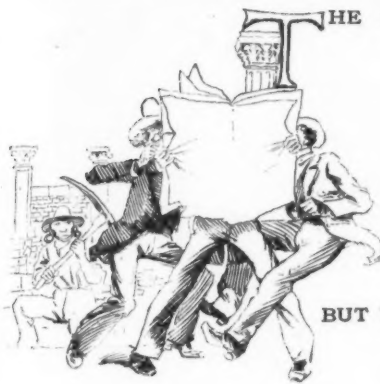


Supplement.—Portrait
of
Mrs. Grover Cleveland,

drawn from life
by
J. Keppler.

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THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.



THE SPECIMEN PAGE of the X-mas Puck, shown just opposite this, is actually reprinted from the X-mas Puck itself. It is only one of twenty-six pages printed in black (that is, the text), and illuminated in just such soft delicate tints as this same "etching brown."

BUT WE HAVE ALREADY advertised that the X-mas Puck contains thirty-two pages, and it does contain

thirty-two pages. What are the other six pages? Well, one of them is a dainty title-page, drawn by Mr. Keppler—a lithographic color-print, where a little Capuchin-hooded Puck gazes at the Christmas-tree which he is about to deck with literary and artistic gifts for his readers. And the other five pages are divided up among three beautifully colored cartoons by Mr. Oppen, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Shults. (Of course, this does not include Mr. Keppler's great portrait of Mrs. Cleveland; we will talk to you about that later on.)

MR. OPPER'S CARTOON has for its title "SOME 'CHILDREN' OF THE PRESENT DAY." It shows how an old-fashioned Santa Claus comes to a very, very new-fashioned children's party, and what sort of welcome he gets from the very, very new-fashioned children. No, the situation is not wholly and entirely funny. There is pathos there and there is satire there, for those who have eyes to see. But you can not complain if it makes you think a little after it has made you laugh a great deal.

MR. TAYLOR'S CARTOON gives the readers of Puck a novel "effect" in lithography. It is colored in the style of an aquarelle, and is printed on egg-shell paper. (The egg-shelling is really done after the picture is printed; but this is merely a little technical detail, which we mention to forestall questioning.) Mr. Taylor's picture, too, shows a party. It also shows a surprise. But the combination does not make a surprise party.

MR. SHULTS'S CARTOON is on the back page. It is a picture of a dear, dignified old gentleman in a position half humorous and half pathetic, and it illustrates a brief poem by Mr. H. C. Bunner.

THE COVER, BY MR. CIANI, we have not counted as a cartoon; but we might well do so, for it is a charmingly artistic piece of work, both in design and execution.

AS TO THE TWENTY-SIX INSIDE PAGES (we will tell you all about Mrs. Cleveland's portrait in a little while), they are all illustrated with colored cuts. Sometimes there is one rich delicate tint to the page, sometimes two and three such colors. But every page has its softly tinted engraving let right into the body of the text.

AND THE TEXT is very good throughout. We have not space to tell you all about it; but there is a quaint, pensive reminiscence of boyhood by Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, who has also written a very funny poem about a very funny painter; and there is a touching tale of "The Luck of Zadick J. Winterbottom," by Mr. Geo. A. Baker; and there are some character sketches by Mr. F. A. Stearns; and there are some exquisite travesties of popular literature by Mr. Manley H. Pike; and Mr. A. D. Noyes writes of the music of "Vogna"; and Mr. C. Stetson makes some "Random Revelations"; and there is "The True Story of Romeo and Juliet," told by Mr. F. Marshall White in his

own way; and Mr. Williston Fish has a fantasia on "Winter"; and Mr. Philip H. Welch reports an "Interesting Conversation" of the most interesting sort; and the gentleman who signs himself "Tricotrin" has got his Books back from a Storage Warehouse, and is inspired thereby; and Mr. F. E. Chase tells what he knows of "The Origin of Christmas"; and Puck has written a little poem to express his thanks to Mrs. Cleveland (about whose portrait we will speak to you presently), and there are also poems by Miss Kittie K., Miss Ruth Hall, Mr. C. H. Fitch, and Mr. F. E. Chase.

AND WE MUST NOT FORGET to mention the two large series of pictures by Mr. C. G. Bush and Mr. Taylor. And you must not forget that all through these pages are scattered illustrations and initials by Messrs. F. Oppen, A. B. Shults, C. J. Taylor, G. E. Ciani, Louis Dalrymple and J. A. Wales.



AND NOW we will tell you about Mrs. Cleveland's portrait. Mrs. Cleveland has been very kind, and has allowed Mr. Keppler to sketch her as she sat in the Red Room of the White House. It has taken eleven impressions to reproduce Mr. Keppler's water-color sketch; but it is reproduced, and very well reproduced, indeed.

YOU ARE ALL familiar with Mrs. Cleveland's features as you have seen them in the photographs and wood-engravings. But those portraits, pretty as many of them are, do small justice to their subject. To look at them, you would think that Mrs. Cleveland had black hair and dark eyes. Well, she has brown hair, and her eyes are a clear blue. And then the photographers have a silly way of "retouching" their negatives until they have "retouched" all the character out of the face, and left only an insipid, doll-like prettiness. You will be surprised to see how strong and characteristic a beautiful face may be, when you look at Mr. Keppler's portrait.

X-MAS PUCK, SUPPLEMENT, (Mrs. Cleveland's Portrait,) three cartoons, one hundred colored engravings, and a couple of dozen clever articles, and—

OH, YES, we had almost forgotten to mention it; but the price is Thirty Cents.

AND YOU MAY GET THE X-MAS PUCK of any newsdealer, or you may order it from us direct, if that is more convenient.

AND WE THANK YOU for reading all this. When you have bought the X-mas Puck, you will thank us.

And we are, yours truly,

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.



If we may believe the Dakota papers, and we may; we repeat it, we May; we say, we May believe the Dakota papers, an eagle measuring nine feet across the spine of its wings, last week attempted to carry off a Norwegian farmer. This is not improbable. Those who have seen the Norwegian farmer in his native wilds will understand that the eagle was not going to eat the farmer, but merely thought he had found a landslide which would be a good thing to bank up his nest for the winter with. —*Brooklyn Eagle*.

CATHARINE OWEN has published a book called "Ten Dollars Enough." She may think

so now; but by the time she gets all the jet trimming, and stuff for the overskirt, she will find that about ten dollars more is necessary, not including the dressmaker's bill. Ten dollars is enough for the material, but the trimming and making cost like sixty. —*Norristown Herald*.

SCRAP of conversation between two ladies, overheard on a suburban train a few mornings since:

"So George is at Harvard now?"
"Oh, yes; this is his second year, you know; he has just entered the sycamore class." —*Boston Record*.

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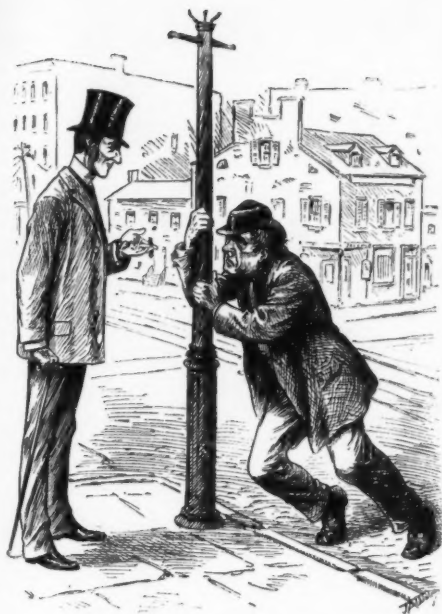
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